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I

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Weekly Journal

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CHARLES DICKENS

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PART 5.

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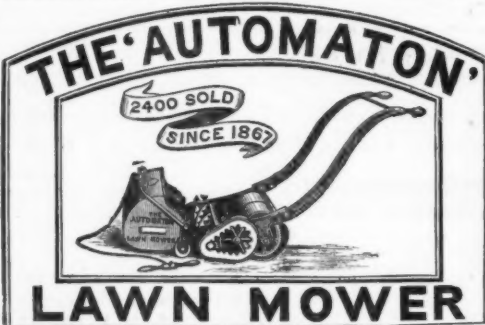
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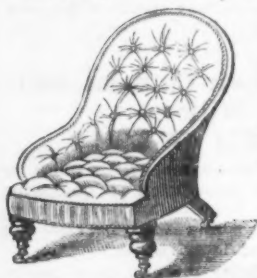
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A SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII. DURING THE INTERVAL.

SATURDAY morning, the day after that on which Joyce had sent off the eventful letter to Marian. Twelve o'clock, and no appearance as yet of Lady Caroline Mansergh, who had sent word that she had a slight headache, and would take her breakfast in her room. Lady Hetherington hated people having breakfast in their rooms; it did not, of course, inconvenience her in the least; she herself was never particularly lively in the morning, and spoke very little, and disliked being spoken to; so that it was not the loss of companionship that she regretted; it was merely what people called a "fad" of hers, that the household generally should assemble at the breakfast-table, and she was annoyed when anything occurred to prevent it.

Her ladyship was generally out of temper that morning, several things having conspired to disturb her equanimity. They were about to move the establishment to London; which was always a sore trial for her at the best of times; but now that they were going up before Easter, it was specially hard to bear. She had told Lord Hetherington, as she pathetically narrated both orally and by letter to all her friends, that it was useless their going to Hetherington House at that time of the year, when they would find no one in town but members' wives who have come up for the session, and the wretched people who live there all their lives; there wouldn't be a soul they knew, and the draughts at Hetherington House were perfectly awful; and yet Lord Hetherington would go; she

could not imagine what had come to him. The last morning's post had brought her a letter from her milliner, asking for money; and even the greatest ladies sometimes not merely dislike being asked for money, but have difficulty in finding it; and the countess's stock of ready cash happened to be very low at that moment. And the new housekeeper who had come from Lady Rundell Glassey's, and who was so highly recommended, had turned out a complete failure, and must be got rid of before they go to town; and old Mrs. Mason, the town housekeeper, must be telegraphed to to look out for some one else; and, altogether, her ladyship was thoroughly upset, and, wanting some one to vent her ill-humour on, and having lost her judgment as well as her temper, thought she would find that some one in Lady Caroline. So, when twelve o'clock arrived, and her sister-in-law had not put in an appearance, the countess went to her room, entered upon her knock, and found Lady Caroline buried in a huge chair in front of the fire, reading a book, while her maid was combing her hair. There was scarcely anything which Lady Caroline liked better than having her hair combed—not dressed, that she hated—but quietly combed and brushed alternately. She almost purred under the sensation, like a cat whose fur is smoothed the right way; it was pleasant, it was refreshing, it soothed her, and put her on good terms with the world; so that when she looked up and saw Lady Hetherington to whom she was not very partial, she received her with a smile, and expressed her delight at the visit.

"It is really immensely good of you to come and see me, Margaret, especially when I know you're not fond of taking trouble in a general way," she said, putting

her book on to her lap and looking up languidly.

"They told me you were ill, or I don't know that I should have come," retorted Lady Hetherington, with some asperity.

"Ah, that was quite right of them; I told them to say that. You can go, Phillips"—to the maid—"I'll ring when I want you. I don't suppose there's any harm in sending mendacious messages by the servants, do you? It would be far more demoralising to them if one were to tell the truth and say one was lazy, and that kind of thing, because it would provoke their contempt instead of their pity, and fill them with horrible revolutionary ideas that there was no reason why they shouldn't be lazy as well as we, and all sorts of dreadful things."

"If I had thought it was mere laziness that kept you to your room this morning, Caroline, I think my 'dislike of taking trouble in a general way' would have influenced me in this particular instance, and saved you the bore of my interrupting you."

"That's where you're so ungenerous, Margaret! Not the smallest bore in the world; the stupidity of this book, and Phillips's action with the hair-brush, combined, were sending me off to sleep, and you interfered at an opportune moment to rescue me. How is West, this morning?"

"Very much as he was last night. Intent on distinguishing himself on this—what do you call it? irrigation scheme."

"Oh dear, still harping on those channels and pipes and all the rest of it! Poor Mr. Joyce, there is plenty of work in store for him, poor fellow!"

"Dreadful, will it not be? for that charming young man to be compelled to work, to earn his wages!" said Lady Hetherington, with a sneer.

Lady Caroline looked up, half-astonished, half-defiant. "Salary, not wages, Margaret!" she said, after a moment's pause.

"Salary, then!" said her ladyship, shortly; "it's all the same thing!"

"No, dear, it isn't! Salary isn't wages; just as the pin-money which West allows you isn't hire! You see the difference, dear?"

"I see that you're making a perfect fool of yourself, with regard to this man!" exclaimed Lady Hetherington, thoroughly roused.

"What man?" asked Lady Caroline, in all apparent simplicity.

"What man? Why this Mr. Joyce! And I think, Caroline, that if you choose to forget your own position, you ought to think of us, and have some little regard for decency, at all events so long as you're staying in our house!"

"All right, dear!" said Lady Caroline, with perfect coolness. "I'm sorry that my conduct gives you offence, but the remedy is easy: I'll tell West how you feel about it at luncheon, and I'll leave your house before dinner!"

A home thrust, as Lady Caroline well knew. The only time that Lord Hetherington during his life had managed to pluck up a spirit, was on the occasion of some real or fancied slight offered by his wife to his sister. Tail-lashings and roarings, and a display of fangs are expected from the tiger, if, as the poet finely puts it, "it is his nature to." But when the mild and in-offensive sheep paws the ground and makes ready for an onslaught with his head, it is the more terrible because it is so unexpected. Lord Hetherington's assertion of his dignity and his rights on the one occasion in question was so tremendous that her ladyship never forgot it, and she was extremely unwilling to go through such another scene. So her manner was considerably modified, and her voice considerably lowered in tone, as she said:

"No, but really, Caroline, you provoke me in saying things which you know I don't mean! You are so thoughtless and headstrong——"

"I never was cooler or calmer in my life! You complain of my conduct in your house! It would be utterly beneath me to defend that conduct, it requires no defence, so I take the only alternative left, and quit your house!"

"No; but Caroline, can't you see——"

"I can see this, Lady Hetherington, and I shall mention it once for all! You have never treated that gentleman, Mr. Joyce, as he ought to be treated. He is a gentleman in mind, and thought, and education; and he comes here, and does for poor dear stupid West what West is totally unable to do himself, and yet is most anxious to have the credit of. The position which Mr. Joyce holds is a most delicate one, one which he fills most delicately, but one which any man with a less acute sense of honour and right might use to his own advantage, and to bring ridicule on his employer. Don't fancy I'm hard on dear old West in saying this; if he's your husband, he's my brother, and you can't be more

jealous of his name than I am! But it's best to be plainspoken about the matter now, it may save some serious difficulties hereafter. And how do you treat this gentleman? Until I spoke to you some months since, you ignored his presence; although he was domesticated in your house, you scarcely knew his personal appearance. Since then you bow and give him an occasional word, but you're not half so polite to him as you are to the quadrille-bandsman when he is in much request, or to the Bond-street librarian when stalls for some particular performance are scarce. I am different; I am sick to death of 'us' and 'our set,' and our insipid fade ways, and our frightful conventionality and awful dulness! Our men are even more odious than our women, and that's saying a good deal; their conversation varies between insolence and inanity, and as they dare not talk the first to me, they're compelled to fall back on the second. When I meet this gentleman, I find him perfectly well-bred, perfectly at his ease, with a modest assurance which is totally different from the billiard-table swagger of the men of the day; perfectly respectful, full of talk on interesting topics, never for an instant pressing himself unduly forward, or forgetting that he is, what he is, a gentleman! I find a charm in his society; I acknowledge it; I have never sought to disguise it! The fact that he saved my life, at the hazard of his own, does not tend to depreciate him in my eyes! And then, because I like him and have the honesty to say so, I am bid to 'think of' my relations, and 'have regard for decency!' A little too much, upon my word!"

People used to admire Lady Caroline's flashing eyes, but her sister-in-law had never seen them flash so brilliantly before, nor had her voice, even when singing its best, ever rung so keenly clear. For once in her life, Lady Hetherington was completely put down and extinguished; she muttered something about "not having meant anything," as she made her way to the door, and immediately afterwards she disappeared.

"That woman is quite too rude!" said Lady Caroline to herself, ringing the bell as soon as the door closed behind her sister-in-law. "If she thinks to try her tempers on me, she will find herself horribly mistaken. One sufferer is quite enough in a family, and poor West must have the entire monopoly of my lady's airs! Now, Phillips, please to go on brushing my hair!"

Meantime, the cause of all this commotion and outbreak between these two ladies,

Walter Joyce, utterly unconscious of the excitement he was creating, was pursuing the even tenor of his way as calmly as the novel circumstances of his position would admit. Of course, with the chance of an entire change in his life hanging over him—a change involving marriage, residence in a foreign country, and an occupation which was almost entirely strange to him—it was not possible for him to apply his mind unreservedly to the work before him. Marian's face would keep floating before him instead of the lovely countenance of Eleanor de Sackville, erst maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, who had this in common with Marmion's friend, Lady Heron, that fame "whispered light tales" of her. Instead of Westhope, as it was in the old days, with its fosse, drawbridge, portcullis, ramparts, and all the medievalisms which it was in duty bound to have, Walter's fancy was endeavouring to realise to itself the modern city of Berlin, on the river Spree, while his brain was busied in conjecturing the nature of his forthcoming duties, and in wondering whether he possessed the requisite ability for executing them. Yes! he could get through them, and not merely that, but do them well, do anything well, with Marian by his side. Brightened in every possible way by the prospect before him, better even in health and certainly in spirits, he looked back with wonder on his past few months' career; he could not understand how he had been so calm, so unexpectant, so unimpassioned. He could not understand how the only real hopes and fears of his life, those with which Marian was connected, had fallen into a kind of quiescent state, which he had borne with and accepted. He could not understand that now, when the hopes had been aroused and sent springing within him, and the fears had been banished, at least for a while. For a while! for ever! the mere existence of any fear was an injustice to Marian! She had been true, and steadfast, and good, and loving. She had proved it nobly enough. The one weakness which formed part of her character, an inability to contend with poverty—a venial failing enough, Walter Joyce thought, especially in a girl who must have known, more particularly in one notable instance, the sad results of want of means—would never now be tried. There would be no need for her to struggle, no necessity for pinching and screwing. Accustomed since his childhood to live on the poorest pittance, Joyce looked at the salary now offered to him as real

wealth, position-giving, and commanding all comforts, if not luxuries. The thought of this, and the knowledge that she would be able to take her mother with her to share her new home, would give Marian the greatest pleasure. He pictured her in that new home, bright, sunny, and cheerful; the look of care and anxiety, the two deep brow-lines which her face had worn during the last year of their residence at Helmingham, quite obliterated; the old, cheerful, ringing tone restored to her voice, and the earnest, steadfast, loving gaze in her quiet eyes, and the thought almost unmanned him. He pulled out his watch-chain, took from it the locket containing Marian's portrait (but a very poor specimen of photography, taken by an "arteeste" who had visited Helmingham in a green van on wheels, and who both orally and in his printed bills laid immense stress on the fact that not merely the portrait, but a frame and hook to hang it up by, were in certain cases "given in"), and kissed it tenderly. "In a very little time now, my darling!" he murmured—"in a very little time we shall be happy."

Pondering on his coming meeting with Marian actively suggested the thought of the severance of existing ties, and the parting with the people with whom he was then domesticated. He had been very happy, he thought, all things considered. He was in a bright pleasant mood, and thus indisposed to think harshly of anything, even of Lady Hetherington's occasional fits of temper or insolence. Certainly Lady Hetherington had always treated him with perfect courtesy, and since the great day of the ice-accident had evinced towards him a marked partiality. As for Lady Caroline—he did not know why his cheek should flush as he thought of her, he felt it flush, but he did not know why—as for Lady Caroline, she had been a true friend, nothing could exceed the kindness which she had shown him from the day of his arrival among the family, and he should always think of her with interest and regard. It was clearly his duty to tell Lord Hetherington of the offer he had received, and of the chance of his leaving his secretaryship. Or, as Lord Hetherington was scarcely a man of business, and as Lady Hetherington cared but little about such matters and might not be pleased at having them thrust under her notice, it would be better to mention it to Lady Caroline. She would be most interested, and, he thought, with the flush again rising in his face, most annoyed at

the news; though he felt sure that it was plainly a rise in life for him, and his proper course to pursue, and would eventually give her pleasure. He would not wait for the receipt of Marian's reply, there was no need for that, his bounding heart told him, but he would take the first opportunity that offered of telling Lady Caroline how matters stood, and asking her advice as to how he should mention the fact to her brother. That opportunity came speedily; as Joyce was sitting in the library, his desk an island in a sea of deeds and papers and pedigrees, memorials of bygone Wests, his pen idly resting in his hand, his eyes looking steadfastly at nothing, and his brains busy with the future, the door opened, and Lady Caroline entered. Joyce looked up and for the third time within an hour the flush mounted to his face.

"I'm very sorry to disturb you, Mr. Joyce," said her ladyship, "but I have two or three notes for to-night's post, and the house is so upset with this coming departure for London, that there's not a quiet place where one can write a line but here. I'll sit down at West's writing-table, and be as mute as a mouse."

"There's no occasion for silence, Lady Caroline," replied Joyce. "I am not specially busy just now, and indeed I was going to ask the favour of a little conversation with you."

"Conversation with me?" And Lady Caroline's voice, unconsciously, perhaps, became a little harder, her manner a little less familiar as she spoke.

"With you, if you please. I have some news to tell, and some advice to ask."

"I'm sure I shall be delighted to hear the first and to give the second—that is, if advice from me would be of any use to you, which I very much doubt." Neither voice nor manner were in the least relaxed, and Lady Caroline's face was very pale and rather hard and stern. "However," she added, after a moment's pause, finding he did not speak, and in a different tone, "under present circumstances I ought to feel very little compunction in disturbing you, for you go to town on Wednesday, and you know you prophesied for yourself the strictest seclusion when once you arrived at Hetherington House."

"That is the very matter on which I wanted to speak to you, Lady Caroline!"

"Indeed!" said Lady Caroline, with a rather disappointed air.

"I don't suppose that I shall ever set foot inside Hetherington House."

"Why, you don't mean to say you have gone back to that originally preposterous notion of remaining here after we have all gone? Do you remember the man who was going to play Othello and blacked himself all over, Mr. Joyce? There is such a thing as overdoing one's devotion to one's duty; or rather, what one imagines one's duty."

"No, I certainly do not intend to remain at Westhope."

"You are pleased to speak in enigmas, to-day, Mr. Joyce; and as I am horridly stupid at such things, and never guessed one of them in my life, I must be content to wait until you are further pleased to explain." There was an impertinence about her ladyship sometimes in look and tone which became her immensely, and was extraordinarily provoking.

"Seriously, then, Lady Caroline, I am thinking of leaving my present occupation—"

"Of leaving us—I mean Lord Hetherington?" interrupted Lady Caroline.

"Yes. Not that I am not, as I ought to be, thoroughly grateful to his lordship and to everybody of his family for their kindness and consideration to me, but the fact is that I have received an offer of employment which, perhaps, will suit me better, and——"

"You would be very foolish not to avail yourself of it, then, Mr. Joyce," again interrupted Lady Caroline, the chilling tone coming back to her voice and the stern look to her face.

"Will you kindly hear me out?" said Joyce. "I am not exaggerating when I say that I am so grateful for all the kindness which I have received in this house, that nothing would tempt me to leave it that did not give me the chance of being enabled to gratify the one wish of my life. The offer which has been made to me will, I think, do this. You have been good enough, Lady Caroline, to admit me to sufficient intimacy to talk of my private affairs, and when I mention the one wish of my life, you will know that I mean my marriage with Miss Ashurst."

"Certainly," said Lady Caroline, full of attention; "and the proposition which is under your consideration—or, rather, which I suppose you have accepted—will enable you to carry out this plan?"

"It will. There shall be no disguise with you. I am offered the post of Berlin correspondent to a London newspaper. The salary would not be considered large by you, or any one of your—You know what

I mean," he said, in answer to an impatient movement of her head. "But it is sufficient to enable me to offer Marian the comforts which she ought to have, and to receive her mother to live with us."

"That will be very nice—very nice indeed," said Lady Caroline, reflectively. "I'm sure I congratulate you very heartily, Mr. Joyce—very heartily. I think you said, when that man—what's his name?—Lord Hetherington's agent—said something about a boy whom you knew being killed—I think you said you had not heard from Miss Ashurst for some time?"

"Yes; I did say so."

"Have you heard since?"

"No, I have not. But I can perfectly understand her silence, and you would, if you knew her. Marian is one of those persons who, on occasions like this—of illness and death, I mean—are the mainstay of the place wherever they may happen to be, and have to take the whole burden of management on to their own shoulders."

"Of course—certainly—no doubt," said Lady Caroline. "And she has not written since the boy's death?"

"No, not since."

"It must have been a sad blow for the old father to bear. I don't know why I call him old, though. What age is he?"

"Mr. Creswell? About fifty-five, I should think."

"Ah, poor man! poor man!" said Lady Caroline, with much greater expression of pity for Mr. Creswell than when she first heard of Tom's death. "You have written to Miss Ashurst, informing her of this proposition, you say, Mr. Joyce?"

"Yes, I wrote directly the offer assumed a tangible form."

"And as yet you have not had her reply?"

"No; there has not been time. I only wrote yesterday; she will not get the letter until to-morrow."

"True, a two days' post from here to—where she is staying. Then you will look for her answer on Wednesday. Are you entirely depending on Miss Ashurst's reply?"

"I scarcely understand you, Lady Caroline?"

"I mean you are waiting until you hear from Miss Ashurst before you send your acceptance of this offer? Exactly so! But—suppose Miss Ashurst thought it unadvisable for her to leave this place where she is staying just now——"

"That is an impossible supposition."

"Well then, put it that her mother's health—which you told me was ailing—was such as to prevent her from undertaking so long and serious a journey, and that she thought it her duty to remain by her mother—"

"Forsaking all other, and cleaving only unto him," quoted Joyce, with gravity.

"Yes, yes, my dear Mr. Joyce, very proper; but not the way of the world now-a-days; besides, I'm sure you would not be selfish enough to have the old lady left behind amongst strangers. However, grant it hypothetically—would you still take up this appointment?"

"I cannot possibly say," replied Joyce, after a moment's pause. "The idea is quite new to me. I have never given it consideration."

"I think I should, under any circumstances, if I were you," said Lady Caroline, earnestly, and looking hard at him. "You have talent, energy, and patience, the three great requisites for success, and you are, or I am very much mistaken, intended for a life of action. I do not advise you to continue in the course now opening to you. Even if you start for it, it should be made but a stepping-stone to a higher and a nobler career."

"And that is—?"

"Politics! Plunged in them you forget all smaller things, forget the petty disappointments and discouragements which we all have equally to contend with, whatever may be our lot in life, and wonder that such trivial matters ever caused you annoyance! Wedded to them, you want no other tie; ambition takes the place of love, is a thousand times more absorbing, and in most cases offers a far more satisfactory reward. You seem to me eminently suited for such a career, and if you were to take my advice, you will seek an opportunity for embracing it."

"You would not have me throw away the substance for the shadow? You forget that the chance of my life is now before me!"

"I am by no means so certain that it is the chance of your life, Mr. Joyce! I am by no means certain that it is for the best that this offer has been made to you, or that the result will prove as you imagine. But, in any case, you should think seriously of entering on a political career. Your constant cry has been on a matter on which we have always quarrelled, and a reference to which on your part very nearly sent me off just now, you will harp upon the

difference of social position; now distinction in politics levels all ranks. The two leaders of political parties in the present day, who really have *pas* and precedence over the highest in the land, who are the dispensers of patronage, and the cynosures of the world, are men sprung from the people. There is no height to which the successful politician may not attain."

"Perhaps not," said Joyce. "But I confess I am entirely devoid of ambition!"

"You think so now, but you will think differently some day, perhaps. It is a wonderfully useful substitute."

"Would you advise me to speak to Lord Hetherington about my intentions?"

"I think not, just yet, seeing that you scarcely know what your intentions are. I think I would wait until after Wednesday. Good-bye, Mr. Joyce; I have gossiped away all my spare time, and my letters must wait till to-morrow. You will not fail to let me know when you receive your reply. I shall be most anxious to know."

"This country beauty is playing fast and loose with him," said Lady Caroline to herself, as the door closed behind her. "She is angling for a bigger fish, and he is so innocent, or so much in love—the same thing—as not to perceive it. Poor fellow! it will be an awful blow for him, but it will come, I feel certain."

INJURED INNOCENTS.

Is it a cry, or a fact, that there is a large class of our population subsisting exclusively by dishonest means? Does the professed thief exist only in the diseased imagination of the police? Are the records of the Old Bailey and the Middlesex Sessions, of Millbank and Scotland Yard, ingenious fictions, or stern fact? It is well, in matters of this kind, that the truth should be held constantly and steadily before the public eye.

If Lord Kimberley's bill be objected to as going too far, or not far enough, well and good; but it is well that the public mind should be firmly impressed with the knowledge that the habitual criminal is an actual living fact, and is not to be asserted or explained away by any amount of statement, or by any process of unreason whatever. How he is to be dealt with, is another matter. That it is monstrous to endure the existence of a class of professional thieves, and to allow them to prey on society, unmolested, so long as they have the wit to avoid detection, is obvious. It would seem to be equally clear that in legislating to put a stop to this state of things, the feelings or wishes of the criminals themselves are about the last things we have to consider. Either the professed thief must work and live honestly, or, in

the interest of that part of the community that does work and live honestly, he must be locked up. It is difficult to say which of these alternatives is the more disagreeable to him: that both should be disagreeable to him is no fault of ours. And this object is aimed at by the present system as well as by Lord Kimberley's bill, though by a rather different road. Practically we say to the criminal now: "your sentence has expired, and we have for the present nothing more to do with you; if you be detected in the commission of crime you will be punished again, and more severely than for your first offence; but until you are detected you may do as you like." According to the new Act, a twice convicted felon is to be subject to the supervision of the police for seven years, and is bound, if required, to show that he is getting an honest living. So far, it is difficult to see what there is to object to, in the proposed alteration of the law. It is said, indeed, that a frightful power is thrown into the hands of the police. Think, it is urged, of the black mail that will be levied by corrupt constables. Imagine the condition of the poor wretch who cannot, or will not, satisfy the demands of his persecutors. He will be taken before the magistrate and, whatever the result, must inevitably be ruined. Convicted, he goes to prison for twelve months. Acquitted, his master dismisses him and he must starve, or steal, and take the consequences. Probably no system of human justice will ever be framed under which all injustice and hardship will be impossible, but this seems one of the veriest turnip-headed bogies ever fashioned. The mere fact of a man's being in honest employment of any sort would be sufficient proof of the bad faith or imbecility of any constable who arrested him; and, except upon the wild supposition that the magistrates and Commissioners of Police entirely pervert their duty, it is pretty clear that the ruin of the constable would be at least as much a matter of certainty as that of the convict. To say nothing of Colonel Henderson's shrewd remark, that the police are always heartily glad to be quit of troublesome customers. Hence the facility with which they get into the army, without let or hindrance from the police, as most officers who have experience of recruits, well know to their cost.

"How," it is asked, "how about the wretched creatures twice convicted of felony?—how of those thrice convicted? By the provisions of this bill they will pass the remainder of their days on the system of one week out of prison and one year in, until death draws the bolt for the last time." Precisely so; and why not? It is, be it observed, by no means necessary that the interesting victim should pass the remainder of his days in prison. That rests entirely with himself. If he choose to live honestly, he will see as little of the insides of prisons as his workfellows who have never been convicted. If he do not choose so to live, surely he is better under lock and key, where he can do no mischief, than at large, spoiling

and wasting the property of the community. And, after all, if we do not keep him in prison he is sure to find his own way there. The difference is, that in the one case he is prevented from doing harm, while in the other the mischief is done before preventive measures are adopted.

It is of little use in the consideration of the proposed measure to say, as has been said, that a more efficient police administration would cure the greater part of the evils of which the public complain. It is idle to say that our detective police is unworthy of the name. It is not necessary to go into these questions at all. It may be the case (we do not say it is) that the efficiency of the force is not what it was; but how that can affect the question of making professional crime as difficult and dangerous a pursuit as it can be made, or what argument can be found in it against a measure eminently preventive and not detective, is more than we can understand. Habitual criminals exist and carry on their trade—it is nothing more or less—for no other reason than because the police have no preventive power whatever over them, unless detected in some offence. It is illogical in the last degree to punish severely detected crime, so long as, undetected, it is thus tacitly encouraged.

Over ticket-of-leave men, or, as they are more correctly termed, licence-holders, the police have at present some slight check. A male licence-holder on his release from prison has to report himself and his address at the principal police station in the district in which he resides, within three days of his liberation. Afterwards he is required to present himself once a month. With this exception he is, unless he break any of the special conditions endorsed on his licence, to all intents and purposes a free man. His employer is not informed by the police that he has a ticket-of-leave man in his service. If he keep his own counsel and behave himself well, nobody need know anything of his antecedents. If he get into trouble, or if the police of the district suspect him to be leading an irregular life, report is made to the chief office, and (after inquiry quietly conducted), such steps are taken as may seem necessary. If under such circumstances the man abscond, as he very frequently does, he is advertised in the Police Gazette, apprehended when discovered, and his licence becomes forfeited. If the licence-holder have a strong objection to reporting himself to the police, he has only to place himself under the care of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, whose officers will look after him, unless his conduct become very bad. In that case the Society give notice to the police, and wash their hands of their man. It would appear that the supervision of the society is greatly preferred to that of the police. Colonel Henderson, in his memorandum of the 5th of March, tells us that of three hundred and sixty-eight male licence-holders discharged into the metropolitan police district in 1868, two hundred and ninety placed themselves under the society, either on discharge or shortly after—

wards. Some confusion naturally arises from this divided government, and it not unfrequently happens that the police discover a so-called "Society's man" in prison for a fresh offence, without having received previous intimation of anything being wrong with him. A not unusual way of shirking both police and society, is to go to sea. It is not necessary to go far; Gravesend, even, has been found a sufficiently distant port. Once on board ship, the society reports to the police that the man has gone to sea. No further attempts at supervision are made, and the convict calmly resumes his life ashore: only taking care to avoid any part of England where he happens to be inconveniently well known. This system is too lax; the new Act proposes greater strictness. A licence-holder will be liable to arrest, and forfeiture of his licence, unless it can be shown that he is earning his bread honestly. It is not easy to see why this should not be so. To liberate a convict before the expiration of his sentence, and practically to turn him loose upon society with no guarantee of his improvement, appears sufficiently absurd. A licence at all is a privilege; it is not too much to insist that it shall be issued only to those who show themselves worthy of it.

In the neighbourhood of Whitehall, in an office that partakes a little of the ordinary counting-house, and a good deal of the barrack orderly-room, is to be found ample evidence of the existence of a class of professed criminals. Here, in vast numbers, methodically and neatly arranged, are kept the papers of the licence-holders who have been discharged into the metropolitan district. When a man is liberated from prison, a kind of passport is sent to the Chief Police Office, describing his appearance, age, and so on, and giving all particulars as to his crime, sentence, and licence. To this criminal biography is attached the photograph of its hero or heroine; in fact, the register office of licence-holders is a national portrait gallery of criminals on the largest scale. A collection of faces of the most ordinary street type. The lower neighbourhoods about Drury Lane will show hundreds of faces that might take their places here with the greatest propriety. The slums of Westminster and Whitechapel might be, and to a great extent indeed are, peopled by the brothers and sisters of these heavy, brutish, scowling human animals. Let us, under the auspices of the courteous Superintendent, and assisted by his aide-de-camp, the quick and ready sergeant, turn over the histories of a few of these promising subjects, and, solely from the facts recorded here, form our own opinions as to the nature and habits of that injured innocent, the professed criminal.

Here is a young fellow who was convicted in September, 1862, of house-breaking, and sentenced to six years penal servitude. Not only was his character so bad in prison that he was not judged worthy of a licence, and so had to serve his full time; but owing, as it appears, to certain breaches of prison discipline, he was not

liberated until some days after his sentence actually expired. At the end of October, 1868, this gentleman was restored to his friends, and, no doubt, immediately resumed the active exercise of his profession. Certain it is that he was "wanted" only four months after his release, and early in March was sentenced to twelve months, for robbery. It is satisfactory to add that this sentence was accompanied by hard labour. On all fours with this case, is that of a horse-stealer who had a sentence of six years, and who, after serving four and a half, obtained a licence, and was liberated in October last. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, whom he honoured with his patronage, found him a troublesome customer, for we find them very soon giving notice to the police, that his mode of living was considered doubtful, and that they think it better that he should make his reports to the police. He made his report once, but before the next was due, his career was summarily cut short. With two comrades—also, it is scarcely necessary to say, convicts—he was in February apprehended for burglary, and the judge not having much sympathy with regular members of the profession, sentenced them to fourteen years. Our sergeant has no particular remark to make touching this case, which appears to be in no way of an extraordinary nature, except that it is curious that the man should have given up horse-stealing and taken to burglary. "You see, sir, they usually stick to one school," he says, reflectively. Of the truth of this remark we presently find abundant evidence. Here are the papers of one Scott, sentenced in May, 'sixty-four, to four years for stealing what are technically known as "fixtures." In December, 'sixty-seven, Scott, then nineteen years of age, was liberated on licence; and fourteen months afterwards (having meanwhile absconded, and successfully concealed his whereabouts), was discovered at the Surrey Sessions under an alias, on his trial for stealing lead from the roof of a house—lead being a "fixture." A sentence of ten years was the result of this second raid on house fittings. In like manner a lady, named Toole, appears to have been utterly unable to resist the attractions of handsome articles of dress, inasmuch as after undergoing part of a sentence of six years for stealing silk mantles, she repeated the offence while a licensee and was sentenced to ten years.

Here, we find a victim sentenced to eighteen months, with hard labour, for larceny, within two months of his release on licence; there, another who incurs a penalty of ten years' penal servitude, four months after he comes out. Here are two culprits even more expeditious or less lucky. John Flinn received his licence on the 6th of May. On the 27th—three weeks afterwards—he was apprehended for burglary, and, in due course of law, sentenced to five years. This feat is even surpassed by John Williams, who, only eight days after his liberation, stole a watch and scent-bottle from a shop window, and, ten days afterwards, was sentenced to go back to the prison he had

only just quitted, for a further term of five years.

One Shepherd was sentenced, in July, 'sixty-four, to four years, and was liberated in December, 'sixty-seven. He reported himself to the Aid Society until nearly the expiration of his time, and six months afterwards was brought before the magistrates — giving an alias — charged with robbing a gentleman of his watch and chain in Newington-causeway. He admitted his guilt, which, as he was taken absolutely in the fact, was a piece of superfluous candour, and, his identity being established, he was got out of the way of society for ten years. This was an artful customer, for when, in the struggle ensuing on the robbery, he found he could not get away, and could not dispose of the watch in any other manner, he managed dexterously to put it into one of the prosecutor's pockets! There is even less room for doubt in the matter of a cunning-looking German, who was liberated in March, 'sixty-eight, on licence, after a sentence of six years. This man reported himself as about to proceed to Berlin, but thought better of it, and remained in London. Here, he had a tolerably prosperous season of six months, which he employed in the same line of business that had before got him into trouble. This was the robbing of furnished lodgings: an operation of great simplicity, and decidedly remunerative. He was "wanted" for some time previous to his apprehension, but succeeded in keeping out of the way until last September, when he was taken. At that time he was travelling under the romantic name of Oakley Brinsley, and, with that alias added to his various others, he now appears as sentenced to fourteen years. Five different prosecutors, each of whom had lost property to the value of upwards of twenty pounds, gave evidence against him. Under the new Act this money would probably not have been lost. Since his imprisonment, the sergeant remarks, this class of robbery has become very much less frequent. There is no doubt that this German innocent was a professor of distinguished eminence.

Equally eminent, although in another line of business, is Mr. Thomas Smith. This suffering innocent was discharged on licence, after serving five years out of a sentence of six, and placed himself under the Aid Society. He reported himself in November, and in January he was apprehended, in company with a friend named Kennedy; both being at the time in possession of much incongruous property, of which they were entirely unable to give any coherent account. Investigation clearly showed this property to be the proceeds of a number of recent portico larcenies: a favourite form of robbery, which consists in climbing, at a time when the occupants of the house are not likely to be in the bedroom, to the first floor by means of the portico, quietly opening a window, laying hands on all the property available, and retiring by the same road. The companions were committed for trial; Kennedy pleaded guilty, and declared

that Smith was innocent of any participation in the robberies; the jury, believing him, acquitted Smith, and Kennedy was sentenced to ten years. Now, mark the antecedents of the innocent Smith. Before the magistrate, a strong light was thrown on Smith's previous history by the production of the following list of convictions: 'fifty-four, six weeks; 'fifty-five, eighteen months; 'fifty-seven, three months; 'fifty-eight, two months; 'fifty-eight (this was a bad year for Smith), four years; 'sixty-two, six months, and, in the same year, another six months; 'sixty-three, three months, and, immediately after the expiration of that sentence, six years. Mr. Tyrwhitt remarked, when this list was put in, that he could not understand how such a man was at large at all. We share Mr. Tyrwhitt's dulness of understanding. It is to be hoped that it will not be possible for such a man to be at large much longer.

As a companion picture to this, take the history of Louisa Lyons. Her convictions begin with eight months in 'fifty; in 'fifty-one she had a month and six weeks; in 'fifty-two, one month and twelve months; 'fifty-three, six months; 'fifty-four, two months and four years' penal servitude; 'fifty-eight, two months; 'sixty, six years; 'sixty-six, twelve months for uttering counterfeit coin; finally, in January of this year, ten years for the same offence. This list has a rather professional aspect. It does not appear as if the prospect of one week out, and one year in, would have many new terrors for Smith and Lyons.

Whole families are to be found engaged in particular branches of crime. Here is one. A man who gave the name of Hill was convicted of a robbery on the river, and sentenced to six years, of which he served all but some four months. While a licensee, he was apprehended, under suspicious circumstances in connexion with certain stolen rope, but was discharged. Immediately after his sentence expired, he was taken, with a man giving the name of Thetford, for stealing lead from the roof of a house on the river-side at Vauxhall. They were sentenced, Hill to twelve, and Thetford, who had violently assaulted his capturer, to fourteen years. It turned out that they were brothers, and members of a family which the sergeant describes as being "about the worst family we've got, sir." A father and four sons, all river thieves, and all experienced at penal servitude, make up this charming family circle. They are rarely all out of prison together—indeed, they are all occasionally in prison at once.

In December, 'sixty-eight, an inspector detected three men attempting to open house doors with skeleton keys. After a desperate struggle they were taken, and proved to be three notorious thieves, all of whom had had various terms of penal servitude, and one of whom had only been out of prison six weeks.

We might fill page after page with similar cases. What terms are to be held with people of this kind? They and their like are perfectly well known to the police. They are professed

criminals, habitual criminals; they have no idea whatever of honest industry, but scorn and contempt of it. Allowed to go on stealing, they will steal until they are discovered. Then they will be locked up, and when they receive their licences, or their sentences expire, they will go through exactly the same course again. These are the wretched creatures twice and thrice convicted, in whose behalf our kindness and our pity are invoked. These are the injured innocents on whose behalf heart-rending appeals are made to our merciful consideration. Why, in the name of all that is absurdly conventional, should we wait to lock up Thomas Smith and Louisa Lyons until we absolutely detect them in the commission of new crime? Why should we not keep them from fresh mischief if they cannot show us that they have really become reputable members of society? It is one thing to smooth the path back to the world for the convict whose crime may have been the result of sudden temptation, and an exceptional act in his life. It is a very different thing to allow a morbid sentimentality to come in the way of the suppression of scoundrels who make robbery a trade, and criminality an occupation.

It is said that "a convicted person under these arrangements would be mere vermin all his life, with every man's hand against him, and his hand against every man." Whereas the Act, it must be remembered, applies only to a particular class of convicted persons; two convictions at least are necessary to bring any criminal within its provisions. Even then the constable has no power himself; he can only take the suspected person before the proper authorities, by whom proper evidence will be required before the penal clauses of the Act can be put in force. As matters now stand, the professed criminal's hand is undoubtedly against every man, but it unfortunately happens that every man's hand is not against him. Lord Kimberley proposes to put the two sides on an equality.

There is but one other objection urged against the bill, and that is one which is a very old rusty weapon against any measure involving an increase of police responsibility and supervision. The odious foreign spy system! Think of the professional spies that will be let loose on the country! Consider the invasion of our private lives—the private lives of such of us as are not felons—which will be the natural and inevitable consequence of setting the police to work to watch a few felons! Now, the professional spies—an ill-natured euphemism for police constables—who will be let loose on the country, will have nothing whatever to do with the private lives of any of us who are not felons; and more, they will even have nothing to do with the private lives of such of us as *are* felons, if we have only been once convicted. No one will suffer but the habitual professional criminal, and that he should suffer until he learns that his profession is on the whole a decidedly wearing and uncomfortable one, is a most desirable thing. As to his claim to be at large between his crimes,

after he has become a professional criminal, he is the common enemy, and it is forfeit and gone.

AS THE CROW FLIES.

PLYMOUTH TO BODMIN.

THE broad thoroughfare of the sky not being much impeded by traffic westward, the crow makes a straight swift flight of it from Plymouth to Liskeard—"the palace on a hill," as the Celts called it.

This small town, embedded among the rocky downs of Caradon and the Bodmin moors, was the centre of much hard fighting in the civil wars, when the gay Cavaliers of Cornwall met the stony-faced Puritans of Plymouth on Bradock Downs, between Liskeard and Lostwithiel. Sir Ralph Hopton—"the soldiers' darling," whom Clarendon afterwards described as the only man never spoken ill of in the Prince's council—was in the field, with Sir John Berkley as commissary-general, and Colonel Ashburnham, as major-general of foot. All Cornwall was theirs, from that grim ship-shattering rock the Shark's Fin to the very earthworks of Saltash, on whose terraces the Puritan sentinels paced, looking gloomily westward for the first sword flash of the enemy. The Parliament resolved to stamp this fire out before the western prairie caught. Rapidly, like clouds rolling together for a storm, grim forces gathered from subjugated Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, and moved westward like a rising deluge. Ruthen, the Scotch governor of Plymouth, led the Parliament forces over the Tamar, to charge the king's men, who were sounding their bugles and beating their drums at Bodmin. Sir Ralph, gallant with lace and feather, wishing to show the psalm-singers that Royalist gentlemen could fear God as well as honour the king, had public prayers read by the army chaplains at the head of every squadron. The Puritans from the high ground muttered that "the Cavalier babe-eaters were at mass." Sir Ralph, "winging his foot with horse and dragoons," advanced, full of fight, within musket-shot of the enemy, and, seeing the Puritan cannon had not yet come up from Liskeard, pushed forward two iron minion drakes, very light guns, under cover of small parties of horse. The first two shots striking full among the Puritan pikemen, and coming from they knew not what hidden batteries, to which their tardy guns could not reply, struck a panic into Ruthen's men; they began to fall back, and, seeing that, the Cavaliers bore hotly forward, pikes down, and drove the Roundheads towards Liskeard. The Cornish men, famous at hedge skirmishing, drove out the enemy's musketeers from behind the loose stone walls and hedges, where they had been thrown back in reserve to protect Ruthen's retreat. Soon the fierce and alert attack of the Cornish men broke the Roundhead ranks, their pikes wavered and scattered, their colours drooped, their fire relaxed, and they fled towards Devonshire, leaving twelve hundred and fifty sullen men prisoners, and nearly all their

flags. The tardy Puritan cannon, too slow to climb the ascent, were also taken—four brass guns (two of them twelve-pounders), one iron saker, shot and powder in quantities, besides heaps of pikes, swords, muskets, pistols, and carbines. Ruthen fled to Saltash, whence he was soon driven, with the loss of eighty men and all his colours. After this battle, Hopton rested at Liskeard, established quarters there, and celebrated a solemn thanksgiving. Charles the First also came there twice; once in 1644, and once in 1645. In 1620 Liskeard was represented by Sir Edward Coke, who is always chained to Littleton in legal memories. In 1775 Edward Gibbon, the historian, was returned for Liskeard, and the next year produced the first volume of his great work, the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Two learned men Liskeard boasts of having educated at its grammar school—two learned but two very different men—Dr. Wolcot and Dean Prideaux. Dr. Wolcot, the son of a Devonshire doctor, first apprenticed to a Cornish apothecary, then a clergyman in Jamaica, practised medicine at Truro and Exeter, and became satirist and tormentor of old King George in London. He nobly threw up the pension with which government silenced him, when he found he had to write for the administration he despised. He was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, his coffin, at his special request, being placed touching that of Butler—Hudibras Butler. Prideaux was a Padstow man; his comprehensive work, *The Connexion between the Old and New Testament*, is not yet entirely obsolete. He was a learned and virtuous man, who would have been made a bishop, but, suffering from chronic illness, resigned the duty which he could not perform, and made his library his home.

The crow has not far to fly from Liskeard to St. Keyne's Well on the road to West Looe. This saint, unappreciated (except through Southey) out of her own parish, was the daughter of Braganus, a Brecknockshire prince, and came to Cornwall, on a pilgrimage to St. Michael's Mount with her nephew St. Cadoc, who followed to persuade her to return. Being thirsty as they got near Liskeard, St. Cadoc stuck his enchanted staff in the earth, and there instantly gushed out a pure limpid spring which still flows in that green lane near St. Keyne's church. The well is walled in, and from the earth over it grow five trees—an oak, a noble elm, and three ash—which were planted about 1742, by one of the Rashleighs. St. Keyne endowed the water of the spring with a miraculous property. Whichever could first drink of it, after marriage, whether husband or wife, became henceforth the master. Southey, partly following Carew's earlier lines, wrote a pleasant ballad on the subject. The closing verse is full of very quiet humour:

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was o'er
And left my good wife in the porch;
But I faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church.

Local historians tell the story differently.

There were two sisters, they say, daughters of a Liskeard farmer, who were married, at an interval of several years apart. The first, Jane, a gentle girl, refused her sister's help to outwit her bridegroom, and she and her lover good-naturedly agreed that neither should visit the dangerous well. Mary, the older and more stubborn girl, promised the widower who married her not to run off to the well the moment the last "Amen" was uttered, as he said it would make him appear foolish to the neighbours; but just before the dinner on the wedding day, the bride called the man apart and said, "Dear Robert, now we are *alone* I may drink;" then, pulling out a bottle, she tossed off the magic water.

Close to Liskeard is St. Neot's, and the crow stays a moment to look in at the church window and record another legend of an eccentric Cornish saint. St. Neot was, according to some historians, the uncle of King Alfred, according to others, a poor shepherd, whose first successful miracle was the impounding in a ring of stones, still shown on Gonzion Down, and uncommonly resembling an old fort, a flock of contumacious crows that had made forays upon his wheat field. Following up this first success, St. Neot went to Rome, returned, became a hermit, and eventually getting tired of solitude, founded a monastery, to make other people suffer what he had already suffered himself. In a well near the monastery, his guardian angel placed two fish, which were never to diminish as long as the saint took out only one daily for his frugal dinner. The saint, however, soon fell ill, and growing dainty and tetchy in his appetite, his servant Barius, in his over zeal to tempt his master to eat, one day scooped up both the fish, and nollens volens, boiled one and fried the other. The saint, aghast at the sin of Barius, instantly fell on his knees to appease heaven till the cooked fish could be thrown back into the spring. The servant was forgiven; the moment the fish touched the water it began to sport and leap, and the saint falling to at his permitted meal was instantly restored to health. At another time St. Neot was praying near the well, in which he used daily to chant the whole Psalter with the water up to his chin, when a hunted deer came and covered by his side for protection; the dogs on their arrival, reproved by the saint, crouched at his feet, and the astonished huntsman on seeing these miracles renounced the world, and hung his bugle horn up in the cloister as a votive offering. On another occasion some wild deer came of their own accord from the forest to replace some oxen which had been stolen from the saint. The thieves, seeing St. Neot plunging with the deer, were so conscience stricken that they at once returned the cattle. There is also no doubt that St. Neot built this church mysteriously by night, and that magical teams of two deer and one hare drew all the stone used in its building. St. Neot was a little man, and they say that he had two ways of opening the church door—one by throwing up the key into the keyhole, another by bidding the lock descend to him.

A few miles from Liskeard, in another direction, is Menheniot, where Bishop Trelawney was christened. This was one of the seven bishops whom James the Second was unwise enough to commit to the Tower for refusing to sanction the dangerous Act of Indulgence, which, under pretext of tolerating dissenters, was to open the flood-gates of Rome upon our English Protestantism. It was this sturdy Sir Jonathan, who, when the bishops took their petition to Whitehall, and the angry king exclaimed, "I tell you this is a standard of rebellion!" fell on his knees and said:

"Rebellion! for God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. A Trelawney can be no rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the crown. Remember how I served your majesty when Monmouth was in the West."

And good Bishop Ken, worthy Izaak Walton's relation, and the writer of our noble Evening Hymn, then said:

"We have two duties to perform, our duty to God, and our duty to your majesty. We honour you, but we fear God."

The king's face grew dark as he replied:

"Have I deserved this?—I who have been such a friend to your church? *I will be obeyed.* You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you do here? Go to your dioceses, and see that I am obeyed."

Then to himself he muttered:

"I will go on. I have been too indulgent. Indulgence ruined my father."

So the bigoted fool went on, and went on, and never stopped till he got all the way to St. Germans.

That one heroic act made Trelawney a demigod for ever in Cornwall. The miners came swarming up from underground, singing the grand defiant ballad still preserved, and so charmingly rewritten by Mr. Hawker of Morwinstow:

And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

Sir Jonathan's pastoral staff is still preserved as a valued relic at Pelynt Church near East Looe. It is of gilt wood; lightning fell on it some years since, but it was as impotent as James's anger, and only fused the copper ornaments that adorned it.

North of Liskeard, the crow's black wings fold upon that strong toppling column of granite blocks—the Cheesewring (cheese press)—a rock idol, says old credulous Borlase, who believed anything and everything.

Near the Cheesewring there is a cave at the foot of a hill, dangerously near the ruthless granite quarries, where a strange hermit of the later times took up his abode in 1735 (George the Second) to study and to meditate. "The Mountain Philosopher," as he was called, was one Daniel Gumb, a poor stonecutter of Lezant, who, as a mere boy, manifested a passion for mathematics and astronomy, and being very poor, resolved to reduce his expenses, so that he might work less and study more. Finding a huge sloping slab of granite near the Chees-

wring, Gumb dug a cavern underneath it, built up the walls with cement, and scooped out a chimney.

There this true philosopher lived with his wife and children, rent and tax free. He never left the moor even to visit the neighbouring villages. After his death, when the roof of the cavern fell in, his bedroom and a stone carved with a geometric figure were shown to visitors. They too were destroyed. Then the traveller used to be pointed out the rock where Gumb sat to watch his only friends the stars. The quarrymen carted off that too, and now only the name remains. It is strange that a genius so strongly directed should have left no discoveries, and existed only to waste itself in useless reverie. Not far from the Cheesewring and the Hurlers (ball-players turned into stone for hurling on a Sunday), and near St. Cleer's Church, stands that curious fragment of half-lost British history, the Other Half Stone, a Runic cross, to the memory of Dungarth, a son of Caradoc, King of Cornwall, who was drowned A.D. 872. The well of St. Cleer was once, it is said, used as a ducking pool for the cure of mad people; a barbarous custom.

Bodmin (the monk's town) a crow of Cornish ancestry can hardly pass. It is a long street running between hills, once, antiquaries say, the site of a Temple of Apollo, built by a British king, 830 B.C., really, however, the home of St. Guron, a Cornish anchorite, and also of St. Petrock, a great man here, and afterwards of Benedictine, in a monastery built and favoured by King Athelstan.

In 1496, that impudent impostor Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to be one of the princes escaped from the Tower, and called himself "Richard the Fourth," mustered his adherents at Bodmin preparatory to marching on Exeter, and proclaiming war on Henry the Seventh.

In 1550 (Edward the Sixth) Bodmin effervesced again. The Cornish people were discontented with the Protector. Wiltshire was up, Oxford and Gloucestershire were taking down their bows and bills, Norfolk was on fire, Ket the tanner holding his court under Mousehold Oak; Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent were buzzing angrily. The rebels of Bodmin compelled Boyer the frightened mayor to furnish them with supplies. After the crushing defeat near Exeter, Lord Russell sent Sir Anthony Kingston, the king's provost-marshal general, to look up Bodmin and purge it with fire and steel. Sir Anthony hanged the portreeve of St. Ives in the middle of the town. He also put to death Mr. Mayow of St. Columb, upon a charge not capital, nor even proved. Mr. Mayow's wife, hearing that her husband was arrested, prepared to set out to intercede for him, but she stayed so long before the glass, rendering herself irresistible, that before she reached the terrible provost, Mr. Mayow was dangling from a sign post. Boyer, the worthy mayor of Bodmin, was delighted at the arrival of law and order—still more pleased when he received a letter from the great man naming a day on which he

would dine with him in state. There was a great din and clatter of preparation at Master Boyer's, much silver cleaning, and a tapping of many portly casks. A little before dinner, Kingston took his host aside and whispered that one of the townspeople was shortly to be executed, and that a gallows must be got ready: business was business and must be attended to. The mayor gave the word, the carpenters fell to and soon got up the gibbet, strong and serviceable, and close to the mayor's door. The dinner over and several toasts proposed, Sir Anthony put down his glass, and abruptly asked if the gallows was finished. He had previously appeared slightly preoccupied, and had indeed been good humouredly bantered by the mayor. The answer was that it was ready. "I pray you," said the provost, taking the mayor's arm, "bring me to the place, and let us see the dog hang."

"Is it strong enough?" quoth Kingston, critically.

"Yes," said the mayor, pushing the central post without, "doubtless it is."

The provost's halberdiers closed sternly round, as if eager to hear the conversation.

"Well, then, Master Boyer," said the provost, grimly smiling, "get thee up speedily, for it is prepared for you."

"I hope," answered the miserable mayor, trembling, "you mean not as you speak."

"I faith," said the provost, angrily, "there is no remedy, sirrah, for thou hast been a busy rebel."

So they hung the mayor at his own door.

At Halgaver, or the Goat's Moor, one mile south of Bodmin, there used to be held in every July a sort of carnival, probably as old as the Saxons, whose clumsy fun it resembles. A lord of misrule was always appointed, to try all unpopular persons for slovenly or extravagant dress, bad manners, or gluttony. The offender was arraigned with great solemnity, and with all sorts of pompous and ludicrous travesties of legal repetitions, evasions, and quibbles. The punishment was being thrown into mud, or water, or both. The old Cornish proverbs of "Take him before the Mayor of Halgaver," "Present him in Halgaver court," are still extant, and are often hurled at slovens, boors, and bears.

A COMPACT REVOLUTION.

THE information we receive from day to day concerning the progress of affairs in Spain, does not deeply impress us with the notion that the people of the peninsula are great masters in the art of effecting a revolution. Nevertheless if we direct our steps mentally to the western sea-board, and take a retrospective glance at the middle of the seventeenth century, we find one of the most successful, complete, and bloodless revolutions that the history of the world

can present. We refer to the movement that placed the present dynasty of Braganza on the Portuguese throne. The names of the persons who figure in this movement, far from being widely celebrated, will scarcely be recognised by any one who has not bestowed some special attention on the annals of a country that is by no means a general object of interest. Still the events fall so naturally into the form of a well-constructed tale, there is so much character in such brief sketches of the agents as have been handed down to us, and the whole record is so thoroughly rounded off and so intelligible in itself, that we can only wonder that the facts have not been eagerly grasped by some historical novelist, and that some ready playwright did not turn the novel into a comedy. The late M. Eugène Scribe was just the man to have effected the latter operation. Nay, he would not have needed the intervention of the novelist. He who could get out of the not very promising story of the Danish Minister Struensee, the admirable comedy *Bertrand et Raton*, need not have looked for any material not to be found in the pages of his countryman, Vertot, if he had wished to dramatise the accession of John of Braganza.

The preliminary knowledge requisite for the right understanding of the plot of the real comedy played by Duke John, his friends, and his enemies, in the year of grace 1640, is too slight to alarm even minds most sensitive to boredom. Our readers will vouchsafe to understand that in 1139, when Alfonso, the first King of Portugal, was proclaimed, a law of succession was established, of which the following were the provisions:

I. The son of King Alfonso was to succeed in the direct line according to the rule of primogeniture.

II. In default of issue male, the eldest daughter of the deceased king was to wear the crown, *provided she married a Portuguese noble*, who, however, was not to bear the royal title till his consort had given birth to a male child. If the princess took a husband, not answering to the conditions, her claim was to be forfeited.

III. In default of all direct issue, the brother of the deceased king was to occupy the throne, but for life only, the consent of the Bishops and the States being necessary for the succession of his son.—[N.B. The reader need not impress this third provision strongly on his mind; but he will be kind enough not to forget the second.]

Having propounded thus much of constitutional law, we take a flying leap to the renowned King of Portugal, Dom Sebastian, whose life, though he flourished in the sixteenth century, is almost a myth. Indeed we leap over him, for it is not his life, but his death, or rather disappearance, that we require on the present occasion. Well, in 1578, King Sebastian having crossed over to Africa to overthrow Mulay Muloch, Emperor of Morocco, disappeared in the great battle of Alcazar-quivir, in which he had been thoroughly defeated. We use the expression disappeared advisedly, for Sebastian of Portugal, like Harold of England, is one of those many illustrious monarchs whose death has never been proved, with sufficient certainty to preclude the superstitious belief that they may probably turn up after the lapse of a few centuries or so, to cheer the hearts of their afflicted people. At all events, in 1578, Sebastian, who had inherited the throne from his grandfather, John the Third, was gone, and had left no issue, and to find a legitimate successor it was necessary to descend the family pedigree as far as his great-grandfather, King Manuel, whose only surviving son was Cardinal Henry. So far there was no difficulty; the title of the cardinal was indisputable, and he occupied the throne without opposition; but as he was nearly seventy years of age, people asked what was to happen after his death; and during his short reign, which lasted only sixteen months, several claimants to the succession made their appearance. Of these only two were important: Catherine, Duchess of Braganza, daughter of Edward, a deceased son of Manuel, and Philip the Second, King of Spain, son of Manuel's eldest daughter, the Empress Isabella. There was this defect in Philip's title, that his father, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, although he had been King of Spain, did not seem to be a Portuguese noble, within the meaning of the law of succession. Philip contended that he was, and certainly the question whether the Spaniards and Portuguese are, or are not, one nation, is agitated at the present day. At any rate, the fault in Philip's pedigree was not so serious that it could not be repaired by physical force. An army, under the command of the Duke of Alva, marched into Portugal, where it easily overcame all resistance, and in 1580 Philip was duly proclaimed the legitimate successor of Cardinal Henry, who had died in the same year, and Portugal was annexed to Spain. We may

here take occasion to observe that, unfortunately for the English public, the late Mr. Prescott's History of Philip the Second came to its untimely end before that admirable author had reached this important event.

The preliminaries are now over, and the novel or play, whichever you please to call it, begins. The result of Philip's grand operation was a chronic state of discontent, in which Portugal remained for something like sixty years; naturally enough, for she was treated as a conquered country (which indeed she was), the people being loaded with excessive taxes, and the grandees being compelled to remain in obscurity, lest, by being conspicuous, they might incur the suspicion of the Spaniards. No movement, however, against the government seems to have taken place till the reign of Philip the Fourth, when the administration of Olivarez, popularly called the "Count-Duke," rendered the yoke of the foreigner hateful beyond endurance. Besides keeping the native nobility estranged from public affairs, and becoming more oppressive than his predecessors in his burdensome exactions, Olivarez drained the physical resources of the country by employing in foreign wars all the men capable of bearing arms. Especially detestable was a Portuguese named Vasconcellos, who, nominally secretary to the vice-queen of Portugal, Margaret of Savoy, Duchess of Mantua, was really the local ruler: inasmuch as he was the immediate agent of the Count-Duke, whereas the vice-queen was little more than a cipher, her position being analogous to that of her namesake in the Netherlands about a century before. It was the policy of this worthy man to scatter seeds of dissension among the Portuguese, in order to weaken their power; but no petty difference which he could foment for the purpose of untying the fagot was equal in strength to the bond of common hatred which incited all hearts against the Spaniards.

In the middle of their troubles people began to bethink themselves that they had among them a certain John, Duke of Braganza, grandson and direct heir of the Duchess Catherine, who claimed the throne in the time of Cardinal Henry, and who *did* marry a Portuguese noble, viz., the Duke of Braganza, named, like his grandson, John. The young duke had manifestly the advantage of a title to the throne far superior to that of the detested King of Spain, which was derived from Philip the

Second; but he was about the last person that one would pitch on as the chief of a revolution. He was a good-natured, agreeable, affable gentleman, largely endowed with shrewdness, but lazy to the last degree. Whenever he "gave his mind" to anything, he understood it thoroughly; but the gift of his mind was the only donation in which he was a decided niggard. We may be allowed to conjecture that if Mr. Richard Carstone, of Bleak House, had been the best claimant to the throne of Portugal, in the year 1640, he would have come off just as well as the Duke of Braganza. Nevertheless, so peculiar were the circumstances of the situation, that we are justified in believing that Duke John was the right man in the right place. Intrinsic greatness was not required, but somebody upon whom greatness might be conveniently thrust by the force of events, was the article in demand, and such a somebody was Duke John. His late father, Theodosius, had been a fiery child of the south, who possibly taking for his model Hamilcar's education of Hannibal, had endeavoured to inspire him with an early hatred of the Spaniard, and to keep present to his mind the irritating fact that he had been deprived of a crown which rightfully belonged to him. John entered into his father's views, but held his tongue, and bided his time. Had he done otherwise he would probably have stepped into trouble, and never have worn the crown of Portugal. He was extremely rich, and this was enough to attract the suspicious attention of the Count-Duke; but he only expended his wealth in harmless pursuits, and it seemed a waste of sagacity to look too sharply after lazy John. There he was at his paternal residence, Villa Viciosa—an ugly name for a delightful place—hunting, and feasting, and enjoying the company of boon companions, and never apparently allowing the thoughts of the morrow to interfere with the pleasures of the day. No creature in the world could look more innocuous.

In the mean while the storm was gathering. The citizens of Lisbon, stung to the quick by new taxes, were all astir, and were heard to pour disloyal benedictions on the House of Braganza. Duke John, whether he liked it or not, began to find his personal safety diminish. His removal was deemed expedient at Madrid, and the king very handsomely offered him the government of the Milanese. But his health, as he said, was delicate, and he

was not well posted up in Italian politics; so, with all becoming gratitude, he declined the boon of his royal master. This bait not being honoured with so much as a nibble, another was tried. The turbulent Catalans were in open revolt against the Spanish government, and John was eventually advised to place himself at the head of the Portuguese nobility, and join an expedition, headed by the king in person, against the malcontents. Here the voice of duty, it seemed, would be sufficient to force the duke into active compliance; but the provoking man, rich as he was, now pleaded in formâ pauperis. The expenses necessary to keep up his dignity were so very heavy that he must really beg the minister to convey his respectable excuses to the king. A third plan was tried. France and Spain were at war with each other, and the French fleet had been observed off the Portuguese coast. A general was wanted for the western seaboard, and that post was offered to the Duke of Braganza, with powers so ample that it seemed as though, in an excess of blind confidence, all Portugal was delivered into his hands by Olivarez, while, in point of fact, Lopez Ozorio, the commander of the Spanish fleet, had orders to enter any port where he might expect to find the duke, and to secure his person. On this occasion Providence seemed to favour the House of Braganza. Ozorio was surprised by a violent tempest, which destroyed many of his ships, and so dispersed the rest, that it was impossible to effect a landing. Still Olivarez did not lose heart. He sent Duke John a pathetic letter, complaining of the misfortune which had befallen the fleet, and expressing the king's desire that he would visit all the ports that seemed accessible to France. The letter was accompanied by a large remittance to cover necessary expenses, but orders to arrest the duke were at the same time despatched to the governors of the ports.

Duke John accepted the honourable post, and pocketed the money: but he expended it in placing his most trusty friends at stations where they might best serve his purpose in case he thought of reascending the throne of his ancestors; and though he visited the required forts, he was always escorted by a guard sufficiently strong to avert personal danger; taking care wherever he went to augment his popularity by showing himself to the greatest advantage. While he was thus gaining partisans in all

directions, his intendant, Pinto Ribeiro, a shrewd, active, ambitious man, was busy at Lisbon increasing—if, indeed, increase was possible—the hatred of the citizens against the Spaniards; raking up the memory of old grievances, and dwelling on those of recent date, as abominations not to be borne. Pinto had great talent for treading on the most susceptible corn of the person he addressed. If he had to deal with a merchant, he expatiated on the ruin of commerce by the transfer of the Indian trade to Cadiz; the clergy of Portuguese extraction were reminded that the loaves and fishes, so justly due to their piety and learning, were distributed among foreigners; the nobility were taught to regard the summons to Catalonia as a virtual sentence of banishment. If a man already sufficiently disaffected fell in his way, Pinto would sound him as to his disposition towards the duke, warning off all suspicion that he was acting under the direction of his master by artfully regretting his inert disposition and unpatriotic love of ease—qualities much to be lamented in the only man who could save his country from destruction. The general result of his operations was that he had gathered together a large number of the nobility, at the head of whom was Acunha, Archbishop of Lisbon, a learned prelate in high favour with his countrymen, and detested by the Spaniards, whom he hated cordially in return, on account of their preference for Noronha, Archbishop of Braga, who was a creature of the vice-queen and took some part in the government. Among the noble malcontents whom Pinto had assembled were Dom Miguel d'Almeida, a stern patriot, who had always refused to attend the court; Dom Antonio d'Almada, an intimate friend of the archbishop; his son-in-law, Dom Louis d'Acunha, the prelate's nephew; Dom Mello, titular master of the hounds, and George his brother; Pedro Mendoza and Dom Rodrigo de Saa. To the illustrious assembly Pinto delivered an inflammatory speech, which provoked an outburst of patriotic indignation, the Catalonian affair being the grievance which provoked the largest amount of wrath. But though hatred of the Spaniard was universal, opinions as to the future were at first divided. Some, with the example of the Netherlands before their eyes, were for a republic after the Dutch model; and by those who were for a monarchy, the Duke of Braganza, and the Duke of Aveiro—both of the Portuguese blood-royal—were

respectively recommended as fitting occupants of the throne. However, before the meeting broke up, the archbishop contrived to obtain an unanimous vote for the Duke of Braganza, expatiating at large on the superior wealth, power, and virtues of the prince, and arguing that nobles could not conscientiously break their vow of allegiance to the King of Spain except in favour of the legitimate heir.

Deeming that the time had now arrived for the duke to take an active part in the movement, the ever-busy Pinto secretly wrote him a letter insisting on the expediency of showing himself in the capital, and there encouraging his partisans. Prudent John accordingly quitted Villa Viciosa and arrived at Almada, which is close to Lisbon, although on the opposite bank of the Tagus, as if he had merely come to inspect a fort in discharge of the duties recently imposed upon him; and the retinue that he brought with him made a strong impression. Being so near the Residence, he could not, in common courtesy, do less than pay a visit to the vice-queen; and he called upon her accordingly, accompanied by all the nobles, while the city gave every sign of a public festival. John, however, was not to be blinded by the applause of the mobile vulgus; so, when his visit had been duly paid, he went back to Almada without even stopping at his hotel in the capital. Pinto, appreciating the occasion, called the attention of the conspirators to the cautious disposition of the man of their choice; adding that advantage ought to be taken of his proximity, and that, *pro bono publico*, it would be expedient respectfully to force a crown upon a head so imperfectly occupied by ambitious thoughts. This counsel having been approved, a communication was opened, *viâ* Pinto, with the duke, who graciously consented to receive a deputation from the conspirators, consisting of, at most, three persons.

Almada, D'Almeida, and Mendoza, the chosen delegates, visited the duke by night, and the first of these, acting as spokesman, represented to him that his only place of safety was the throne, and that, if he claimed his rights, he might rely on the assistance of the nobles. Spain, he observed, was no longer the formidable power of the days of Charles the Fifth, and his son, having often been defeated by the French and the Dutch, and being now occupied with the Catalonian revolt, and ruled by a weak monarch, who was himself governed by an unpopular minister. Hopes,

too, were to be placed in the great Cardinal Richelieu, and in the advantages derived by Portugal from her extensive sea-board; nor was the fact to be overlooked that the removal of the greater part of the Spanish garrison to strengthen the army against the Catalans, rendered the actual moment especially propitious for revolt. The answer of Duke John was provokingly safe. In the main he thoroughly agreed with all that had been said, but he doubted whether the proper moment for decisive action had arrived.

Fortunately he had a wife of a stronger mind than his own—Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, who, although a Spaniard, and, moreover, a relative of Olivarez, had no objection to sit on the throne of Portugal. To her, on his return to Villa Viciosa, he communicated all that had passed, and found that she thoroughly entered into the views of the conspirators. The court of Madrid, in the mean while, had been rendered uneasy by the duke's brilliant reception at Lisbon, and another stratagem was attempted. John was definitively ordered to show himself at Madrid, and report by word of mouth the real condition of Portuguese affairs. Here was an order that could not be slighted without open revolt and capture, but which involved utter destruction; so he was at his wit's end. He could only hope to gain time; and therefore, by the advice of his duchess, he despatched a trusty gentleman to the Spanish capital, who informed the king that his master was on his heels, and, to confirm the truth of his statement, fitted up an hotel for his reception. The delays that ensued were excused by various pretexts; and, in the mean while, Mendoza was sent by the conspirators to Villa Viciosa to caution the duke that his only choice was between death and a crown. A declaration by the duke that he was ready to put himself at the head of his partisans was the result of this mission; but again his old timidity recurred, and all the eloquence of his duchess and Pinto was required to keep his courage screwed to the sticking-place. At last he declared that if he was sure of the Portuguese capital, he would cause himself to be proclaimed king in all the other cities of the kingdom, and despatched Pinto to Lisbon with credentials for D'Almeida and Mendoza.

The conspirators had now a basis for action. Pinto, by means of two wealthy citizens, secured the adherence of the arti-

sans, and on the 25th of November, 1640, a meeting was held at the hotel of Braganza, where it was made evident that there was a force, consisting of one hundred and fifty nobles, with their dependants, and about two hundred citizens and artisans, ready to do the work of insurrection. It was settled that the insurgents, in four divisions, should enter the palace at so many points, before the Spaniards could collect their forces. Dom Miguel d'Almeida was to attack the German guard at the entrance of the palace; Mello, and his brother Dom Estevan d'Accosta, at the head of the citizens, was to surprise a company of Spaniards who mounted guard every day before a part of the palace called the Fort; De Menejès, Manuel, Saa, and Pinto were to occupy the apartments of the hateful Vasconcellos, who was to be despatched at once; and Dom Antonio d'Almeida, Mendoza, Dom Carlos de Noronha, and Antonio de Saldanha were to secure the vice-queen and all the Spaniards in the palace, to use them, if necessary, as hostages. In the mean while, a few cavaliers were to go about the city, with some of the principal citizens, to proclaim Duke John of Braganza, King of Portugal. The first of December was fixed upon as the day on which this bold plan was to be carried into execution.

The deities, Pavor and Pallor, to whom Tullus Hostilius paid such extraordinary honour, seem to have been very busy with everybody concerned in this glorious revolution. No fewer than three panics, which occurred before the middle of December, varied the ennui of the genteel comedy with scenes of a broader sort of humour. There happened to be a certain enthusiastic patriot who was always declaiming in public against the tyranny of the Spaniards, and who had grown louder than ever on the subject of the hateful expedition to Catalonia. To him therefore, as a safe ally, did D'Almeida communicate the project of the conspirators; but he was alarmed as well as surprised to find his confidant suddenly cool down to the very freezing point of prudence, and throw cold water on the entire scheme. The sight of a sword, which D'Almeida drew, had indeed the effect of frightening the inconveniently prudent gentleman into a consent to join the conspiracy; but the others, when they heard what had happened, were so dreadfully uneasy, that they forced Pinto to write to the Duke of Braganza, and thus sprinkle upon him a little of the cold water in which they had been themselves immersed. Fortu-

nately Pinto, who alone kept up his courage, sent another letter, which arrived sooner than the first, and prevented the ill-effect which otherwise it would have certainly produced. As no mischief seemed to ensue from the supposed imbecility of the new conspirators, the panic soon died out, but it was speedily succeeded by panic the second. The secretary Vasconcellos was seen to embark on the Tagus, and immediately the plotters were impressed with the belief that he had found out all their doings, and was crossing the river to obtain additional assistance from the Spaniards. This panic was so great, that some thought of betaking themselves to England or Africa, to escape the horrible retribution which was doubtless in store for them. Great was the delight when the secretary came back home to the sound of soft music, having simply been invited to a fête; and probably when each conspirator looked into the face of his fellow he felt a little foolish. Surely all was right now. No! Panic the third was yet to come. George Mello, who lodged with one of his relations at some distance from the city, thought it would be at once handsome and expedient to make his kinsman acquainted with the conspiracy, and induce him to join it. The cousin, who was something of the same temperament as Almada's unlucky friend, seemed delighted at first, and when he and George parted for the night, it was understood that they would both set off on the following morning to join their brethren at Lisbon. But no sooner did George find himself alone in his own room, than he began to doubt that he had grievously misplaced his confidence. While he was walking up and down in a state of tremendous fidget, a confused sound of whispering voices struck his ear; and throwing open his window, he perceived his cousin in the act of mounting a horse. Down he went, sword drawn, forced the delinquent back into his own room, and kept safe guard over him till break of day, when he took him to Lisbon.

The first of December, which seemed as though it would never come, arrived at last, and early in the morning the conspirators, according to appointment, repaired to the hotels of the several chiefs. The ladies, it is recorded, took deep interest in the movement, one of them, Donna Filipa de Villenes, having especially distinguished herself like a Spartan mother of the olden time, arming her two sons with her own hands, exhorting them to exert themselves for the overthrow of tyranny, and promis-

ing them that she would not survive the failure of the noble enterprise. The day was passed in approaching the palace, most of the principal conspirators going in litters to avoid observation, and when all had reached the place of their destination they were so tremendously frightened that panic the fourth seemed to be upon the cards. Would eight o'clock p.m., the appointed hour of attack, ever be struck by any clock? Bang! The report of Pinto's pistol—the concerted signal—at last gives notice that the welcome hour has arrived, and the attack begins.

The German guards are beaten down at once by the party under Dom Miguel d'Almeida. The two Mellos and Dom Estevan d'Accosta charge the Spanish company, followed by the greater number of the citizens who had joined in the conspiracy: but the victory of this party was chiefly due to a zealous priest, who, with a sword in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, made every one fly before him. Pinto and his party proceeded, as agreed, to the apartments of Vasconcellos, and at the foot of the staircase encountered an unfortunate magistrate, who, mistaking the uproar for a common brawl, ordered the rioters to retire. When, however, he heard the shout "Braganza for ever!" he felt officially bound to utter the counter-cry "Long live the King of Spain and Portugal!" and received as the price of his loyalty a pistol-shot, which killed him on the spot. Next came Antonio Correa, the secretary's principal clerk, who had hurried out to see what was the matter, and was stabbed several times by Menejès, but not mortally wounded. When the secretary's ante-room was entered, the doomed man was with Diego Garcez Palheiro, a captain of infantry, who at a glance perceived the state of the case. From sheer gallantry Diego drew his sword, and attempted to prevent the assailants from entering the inner door, but as he was wounded in the shoulder, and likewise overpowered by numbers, he soon deemed it expedient to leap from the window, and was fortunate enough not to break his neck.

This little impediment removed, the chamber was entered; but no secretary was visible. Then what a tumbling and knocking about ensued! Tables were overturned; boxes were torn open; nooks and corners were searched. Everybody was anxious to get the honour of giving Vasconcellos his first stab, and everybody was cursing his disappointment. At last an

old female, threatened with death, was unromantic enough to prefer her own safety to her master's, and without saying a word, pointed to a closet in the thickness of the wall, and this being opened, the missing man was found buried alive under a heap of papers. The terror of Vasconcellos exceeded the fright, that on any preceding occasion had been felt by any of the conspirators, and he was unable to utter a word. Nor was there any demand for his discourse; Dom Rodrigo de Saa, firing a pistol, began the work of vengeance, which was completed by several stabs; and when the unfortunate man was dead his body was flung out of window to be stabbed anew by the people below, amid shouts in honour of liberty and John, King of Portugal.

This operation performed, Pinto set off to join the other insurgents, who were to occupy the vice-regal apartments, and was glad to find that they were perfectly successful. In answer to the menaces of the persons who besieged the door, and further moved by the howls of the populace without, who threatened to fire the palace, the vice-queen, accompanied by her maids of honour and the Archbishop of Braga, tried to make the best of the situation. Cordially detesting the secretary, as a low person placed over her head, she could honestly admit that he had fully deserved his fate, and requested the conspirators to retire as quickly and as quietly as possible, that she might be able to make a good case for them with the king. The slight misunderstanding exhibited in her very civil address was speedily corrected by Menejès, who entreated her not to suppose for a moment that the movement had been organized for the mere purpose of getting rid of a wretch so despicable as Vasconcellos. No, their object was to place John of Braganza on the throne, of which he had been unjustly deprived by usurpers. Changing her plan, the vice-queen now expressed a desire to appear before the people, and awe them by the majesty of her presence. The Duke of Noronha assuring her that she possibly over-valued the expedient, which might be rather perilous than otherwise, she asked what the people could possibly do to her? "Nothing at all," replied the courteous duke, "but throw your highness out of window." This curt answer so highly infuriated the bold Archbishop of Braga that he snatched a sword from a soldier, and was about to rush on the conspirators, but he was promptly held

back by Dom Miguel d'Almeida, and peace, such as could be had, was preserved.

The rest of the work was easily done. The most obnoxious persons were secured without difficulty, persons imprisoned by the Spaniards were released, and Count Antonio Saldanha formally proclaimed John of Braganza, King of Portugal. There was only this little difficulty, that the citadel was still in the hands of the Spaniards. Application was therefore made to the vice-queen, who was required to sign an order for the governor to deliver it into her hands; and though she at first refused, the threat of D'Almeida to stab her on the spot, enforced her compliance. The necessary order was therefore obtained, and Dom Louis de Campeo, the governor of the citadel, was only too glad to find himself authorised in retreating from his dangerous post. A provisional government being formed under the presidency of the Archbishop of Lisbon, with whom were joined Miguel d'Almeida, Pedro Mendoza, and Antonio d'Almada as councillors, its first office was to seize three Spanish vessels in the port of Lisbon, and to order the provincial magistrate to proclaim the Duke of Braganza as king.

But of all the people who had felt alarmed during the progress of the revolution none was more terribly frightened than the Duke of Braganza himself, who while his victory was preparing at Lisbon, remained shaking in his shoes at the Villa Viciosa, about thirty leagues distant from the citadel. His first notion was to excite the inhabitants of all the towns immediately subject to his dominion, but he afterwards thought it would be safer to see which way the wind blew, and to keep quiet till intelligence from Lisbon had arrived. The province Algare was his, at all events, and thither he could retire, and perhaps make the king believe that he had nothing to do with the insurrection. The Spaniards were not very strong at that moment, and would perhaps be ready enough to feign a conviction of his innocence without asking troublesome questions.

His mind was made up in the right direction, when Mendoza and Mello, who had hurried themselves to the utmost, arrived at Villa Viciosa with glorious news from Lisbon, throwing themselves at his knees, and thus letting him know, before they had spoken a word, that he was already a king. At once he conducted them to the apartments of the Duchess, whom they likewise saluted with the most profound respect,

affording especial pleasure by the use of the word "majesty." Never had such honour been paid before. The old kings of Portugal had simply been regarded as "highnesses."

Even now the natural cautiousness of the new king was not quite overcome. On his way to the capital he pretended that he was merely engaged in some field-sport, lest he might awaken suspicion in an unlucky quarter; but a courier from the archbishop, who met him about half-way with an important despatch, so completely reassured him as to render further vacillation impossible. He at once hastened to the bank of the Tagus, and finding two fishermen with a barque, crossed over to Lisbon, and landed at the gate of the palace, where an enthusiastic throng was ready to receive him, nobody suspecting that the little insignificant boat contained the object of their anxiety. Indeed he passed through the crowd unnoticed, and it was not till he had been placed on the throne, which stood on a sort of scaffold, that he was saluted amid general acclamations as King of Portugal. On the 15th of the month he was crowned in the cathedral with all possible magnificence. On this grand tableau let the curtain fall.

A QUESTION OF PRIORITY.

BEFORE entering on the particular question to which I am about to refer, let me preface it, as the late excellent President Lincoln was accustomed to preface his arguments, by "a little story." The story occurs in that delightful collection, the *Arabian Nights*, which every sane man and woman and child has read, or ought to read, and narrates how a certain merchant fell into a very singular difficulty. The merchant was engaged in eating dates by the roadside under the shadow of a tree, thinking harm of no one, and throwing away the date-stones right and left. Suddenly a furious genius of enormous stature started up, the merchant knew not whence, with a naked scimitar in his hand, and advanced towards him, threatening to kill him.

"Of what crime, alas! can I, my good lord, have been guilty towards you, to deserve the loss of life?" said the merchant.

"I have sworn to slay thee, as thou hast slain my son!"

"Good God!" answered the merchant, "how can I have slain him? I do not know him, nor have I ever seen him."

"Didst thou not," said the monster, "take some dates from thy wallet, and throw away the stones?"

"It is true," replied the merchant; "I don't deny it."

"Well, then," said the genius, "thou hast slain my son. Whilst thou wast throwing away thy date-stones, my son passed by. One of them struck him in the eye, and caused his death!"

Now I, as innocently as the good merchant, got myself, unwittingly, into a similar dilemma, by writing a paper in *ALL THE YEAR ROUND* entitled, *A Question of Ancestry*: in which I examined with, as I thought, the utmost good faith and impartiality, the theory and statements put forth in a very interesting volume, entitled *The Pedigree of the English*, by Dr. Thomas Nicholas (second edition), 1868. The object of Dr. Nicholas's book was to show that the English were not so much an Anglo-Saxon as a Celtic people, and that the old histories, based upon the sole authority of the ignorant monk Gildas, were in this respect untrustworthy. I thought the argument, as stated and enforced by Dr. Nicholas, a very good argument, and I adhere to that opinion still. Eating, as it were, my dates, and throwing away the stones—or, as it might be, rejecting what was not to my literary palate—it appears that an invisible genius—invisible and unknown to me—of the name of Luke Owen Pike—a Master of Arts, of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-Law—was passing by, and that he was hit very hard indeed by the fact of my not noticing a book on the very same subject which he had published in the year 1866. My excuses to Mr. Pike must be the same as those which the merchant offered to the genius—that I did not see his son, or, in other words, his book, and that I was not aware of its existence. My case, however, was not so bad as that of the merchant. I did not slay Mr. Pike's mental progeny, and have since had very great pleasure in making its living acquaintance. By the evidence of the title-page, it is clear that it was published two years prior to the book of Dr. Nicholas; Mr. Pike has an application to the Court of Chancery pending, on the ground that Dr. Nicholas has pirated his book. At this present writing it is pending, but has not been heard. The theory of both writers is the same; the demolition of Gildas is equally ruthless by both; and their belief in the preponderance of the Celtic over the Anglo-Saxon blood, in all except a very few counties, is alike enthusiastic. Mr. Pike's book is entitled *The English and their Origin: a Prologue to Authentic English History*. Neither Mr. Pike nor Dr. Nicholas has exhausted the inquiry, for it has yet to be taken up by some one who understands other branches of the old Celtic language than the Welsh. Mr. Pike makes no pretension to a knowledge of Erse and Gaelic, and Dr. Nicholas makes very little. Mr. Pike rightly says, in the concluding paragraph of his volume, "The field is open, of course, to every student to form his own ethnological conclusions. For my own part, I shall be content if others are found to do better what I have here attempted to do. The road which I have passed over is somewhat rugged in places, but it has been a very pleasant road to me, and I have done what little I could to make it smooth and pleasant

for my successors." Mr. Pike quotes a very long list of the authorities and documents which he consulted in the composition of his work, but does not quote Dr. Nicholas—for the sufficient reason that Dr. Nicholas had not then written on the subject. Dr. Nicholas also quotes his authorities, among which the book of Mr. Pike does *not* appear.

THE BROWN-PAPER PARCEL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER V.

THE result of the above conversation was that, early in the afternoon of the following day, the village street of Farley was enlivened by the appearance of Mr. Langley's barouche, with Mrs. Lester inside. The powdered footman attached to this equipage, descending at the curate's door, gave such a succession of bangs with the rarely used knocker, that the whole house shook, and poor Mrs. Mackworth nearly jumped out of her chair. In another moment the open-eyed maid-servant had shown in Mrs. Lester: a mass of black velvet and white fur, so flowing and voluminous that the tiny square parlour seemed hardly large enough to contain her drapery.

Mrs. Mackworth, always gentle and self-possessed, was not at all discomposed by this apparition, nor by the consciousness of her own well-worn merino, and the ungainly basket of tattered garments, which lay, as usual, at her feet.

Mary was in the kitchen, her sleeves tucked up and her arms all over flour, engaged in the manufacture of certain cakes, the recipe for which she had obtained from Mrs. Halroyd's cook, and which were destined to tempt Cilla's fanciful appetite at supper. She was singing gaily at her work, when Cilla burst in, her pale cheeks flushed scarlet, her blue eyes dancing with excitement.

"Mary! Mary! What do you think? Mrs. Lester is here—in the parlour with mamma—oh! my hair! my hair!"

"Oh! my cakes! my cakes!" said Mary; "however they're in a state that they can be left, luckily." And as soon as she could free her hands from flour, and divest herself of the great apron which defended her dress, she helped to arrange those bright tanglesome locks of Cilla's, which never would lie flat, but which happily looked all the prettier for disarray.

The sisters entered together to hear Mrs. Mackworth saying:

"It is very, very kind, and it would be a great pleasure to the girls, and my son too—but I don't know."

"I must get them to intercede," said Mrs. Lester, as she shook hands with Mary and gave a kind greeting to Cilla: "my brother has charged me to say how much he hopes you will all come to his ball on the 13th. Mrs. Mackworth says it is out of the question for herself or Mr. Mackworth; but as I tell her, I should be charmed to be your chaperone. Persuade her to let you come."

Mary and Cilla looked at each other, and never did two pair of eyes beam with greater delight. But then Mary glanced at her mother.

"If you don't mind our going, mamma, I can manage everything," said Mary, in a low voice.

The end of the discussion was that Mrs. Mackworth promised to consult her husband, and, if he gave his consent, to allow her daughters and son to go to this famous ball.

So when the curate came home in the evening, he found all his household in a state of feminine bustle; a snowy shower of muslin heaped on the sofa: and a bewildering mass of ribbons and tapes lying on the table. As he stood amazed at the door, Cilla danced up to him, all excitement, with the wonderful news that they were going to the Nettlehurst ball; Mary hastily adding that it depended on whether he liked them to do so.

"My dears, do you really wish to go? Won't you feel very much at a loss? You can't dance, any of you."

"Can't we, indeed?" cried Mary, "haven't I sat by and seen Carrie and Archie figuring away under Mr. Caracol, every Friday of my life for the last two years? I will undertake to coach Harry and Cilla—if we may, papa."

"But your clothes? Where is the money for them to come from?"

"I believe Mary is a conjurer," said her mother; "she produced all this finery at a moment's notice."

And then Mary began explaining how she had bought the white muslin some months before, when she found it necessary to have a best evening dress for Carrie's birthday, and how, just as she had done so, Mrs. Halroyd had made her a present of another white muslin, ready made up, silk under skirt, and all.

"So the new muslin will just come in for Cilla, and she can have the silk petticoat," said Mary, eagerly; "and all this green ribbon, her own favourite green, will run under the muslin—all about—so. How lucky I brought it for her!"

"And yourself, Mary?" asked the curate, who had listened with some amusement to this explanation.

"Oh! my dress will do up nicely: I can make it quite fresh with a little ironing and plaiting," said Mary, briskly. "Only say we may, papa!"

Though all papa said was "Foolish children!" it was said with a smile which made his daughters fly round him with kisses and delighted thanks.

A very pleasant little note from Mrs. Lester arrived a few days before the ball, hoping that they would allow the brougham to be sent for them, and reminding the sisters that they were to consider themselves in her charge for the evening.

At last came the great day itself; and a busy, bustling, happy day it was, such as young ladies who go habitually to two or three balls a night can form no idea of. Such a perpetual buzz of chatter and laughing went on, as would have driven the curate wild, but for his peculiar power of abstracting himself from what went on about him. But even he showed some interest when the girls made their appearance in the parlour early in the evening, ready dressed, in order that they might not keep the brougham one moment waiting.

Laury and Jack, who had insisted on the unwonted extravagance of two pairs of candles, in order that their sisters' magnificence might appear to advantage, capered about in a high state of excitement, in dangerous proximity to the floating muslin robes.

"You really are worth looking at, I must say," cried Mr. Mackworth, smiling approvingly; while his wife's eyes glistened with pride at sight of her bright pair of girls.

"Doesn't Cilla look charming?" Mary cried, her eyes riveted on her sister: who certainly did look remarkably pretty in the white draperies, exquisitely fresh and crisp, as if the sewing and trimming had been performed by fairy fingers; wavy lines of green, pale yet bright, wandered about under the muslin, and peeped out more decidedly in the folds of the bodice; and a wreath of real holly encircled the small head, only the green, white-speckled leaves in front, and a few bright berries mixing with her soft, loose hair at the back, like coral set in gold. Mary's best care and skill had not been able to give her own often-worn dress quite the fresh, full sit of her sister's, but it was well made and appropriate, and a few bright dashes of holly trimmed it here and there,

matching the wreath, in which, mindful of her own dark colouring, Mary had left a larger number of berries than she had allowed to Cilla. Nothing could have been more becoming than the rich full colour was to her; and at her openly expressed admiration of Cilla, the parents exchanged a smile which meant that Mary herself was by no means unworthy of being admired and sought after. Harry appeared to less advantage than his sisters. It was not in Mary's power to make his dress anything very first rate; and he was at the age when a lad is painfully conscious that he has ceased to be a boy, and is a very poor imitation of a man.

The brougham arrived, the trio started, and, after a rather nervous and silent drive through the dark lanes, entered the gates of Nettlehurst, and came in sight of the house, blazing with lights: the conservatory, with its coloured lamps and lovely flowers, looking like an enchanted palace.

The library was the reception-room, as the drawing-room was given up to the dancers. At the door stood Mrs. Lester, in the handsome black robes which she had never cast off since her early widowhood. Her cordial greeting set the fluttered girls at once at their ease. The brougham had been sent so early that they were almost the first arrivals. Very soon Mr. Langley joined them:

"I am so very glad to see you here," he said to Mary; "I was afraid Mr. Mackworth would not let you come now."

"He was very glad for us to have the pleasure," said Mary.

"Yes, but I feared that now perhaps he might change his mind. It would have been very cruel."

"But why should he?" asked Mary, bewildered.

"Have you not heard——?" Mr. Langley was beginning; but a fresh arrival called him away, and the guests began rapidly to assemble.

It was a great amusement to Mary to watch them, and to see so many people who had hitherto been only names to her. All the higher class of professional people from Brigham were the first to arrive: and a little later the county families, of whom there were many. Mary noticed with what marked cordiality they appeared to welcome the banker into their ranks, and her heart swelled with a feeling of pride, for which she laughed at herself, as she recalled all she had lately heard her father and brother say of the high reputation for honour, libera-

lity, and public spirit which Mr. Langley had always borne.

"As if I had any right to feel proud of him!" she thought, and then glanced at Cilla, the real object of her pride; and a delightful vision began to float before her, dispersed in a moment as she remembered how papa would despise such castle building. Mrs. Lester did not forget her young charges: she had promised her brother to be kind to them, and she thoroughly fulfilled her promise. She had little difficulty in finding partners for two such attractive girls; and indeed when Cilla had once been noticed, her chaperone had numerous applications for an introduction. Mary's bright eyes danced with pleasure as she watched her sister, and Mrs. Lester looked at her often and with much interest.

"She is the nicest girl I ever saw in my life," Mrs. Lester thought: "and if it is to be, I won't forbid the banns. Still it would be a pity." And she glanced at her brother who was dancing with a very handsome girl, daughter to one of the county magnates.

It was not until late in the evening that Mr. Langley came up to Mary again.

Cilla, who had just been dancing, was resting on a seat, looking flushed and weary, but full of enjoyment. Mary had had her share of dancing too; Harry alone had found the evening rather slow.

"Won't you come and have something to eat? The hall is open now."

Mary and Mr. Langley passed into the conservatory, which opened also into the hall, now converted into a supper-room.

"What a crowd of people!" he said, pausing. "Don't you think it would be better to stay here among the orange-trees than to plunge into that hungry multitude? Shall I get you something? An ice?"

"If you please," said Mary, and they were soon comfortably established on two low green seats in the conservatory. The coloured lamps twinkled among the dark foliage, bright figures passed and repassed, a soft continuous ripple of voice and laughter mingled with the music from the ball-room.

"I have been trying to get near you all this evening, but I have been obliged to attend to so many people. I hope my sister has taken care of you."

"She has been so very kind, and my sister and I have enjoyed ourselves extremely."

"I suppose it is her first ball—and yours too. Is it?"

Mary laughed:

"Our first, and probably our last. You do not know what a treat you have given us: it was so very kind of you and Mrs. Lester to think of asking us."

"Kind?" he repeated, smiling; "it was very kind of you to come, I think."

"By-the-by," asked Mary, suddenly, "what did you mean by asking me if we had heard something?"

"You have not heard it, evidently," said Mr. Langley, hesitating. "I am sorry I said anything about it. Is there no second post at Farley?"

"Not unless we send to Brigham."

"That accounts for it; they wrote to tell me as soon as it happened. Poor old Dr. Lowther died yesterday morning."

Mary felt shocked.

"I had no idea he was really ill," she said in an awe-struck voice.

"It is the old story of boy and wolf," said Mr. Langley. "Poor old fellow! I really fancy he might have lived to ninety if he could have thought less about his health; but a man can't go on taking physic all his life without taking too much of it at last."

"Poor Dr. Lowther! I hardly knew him, but he used to be kind to us when we were little. Once he gave me a prayer-book. I wonder," Mary added, after a pause, "who our new rector will be!"

Mr. Langley hesitated. Mary looked up, and saw something in his face which made her fancy that her remark had been somehow mal-apropos.

"I beg your pardon," she said, instinctively.

"For what?" he asked, amused by her perplexity; "I only thought that perhaps you knew the Farley living to be in my gift. I bought it with the Nettlehurst estate. I hoped—I do hope—" Mr. Langley hesitated. "Do you think that Mr. Mackworth would kindly undertake the responsibility? He has long done all the work, I know."

Mary's breath was absolutely taken away by surprise and emotion. She looked up with a wondering, incredulous gaze: then tried to speak; then stopped, and nearly broke down altogether. Mr. Langley brought her a glass of water.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, as soon as she could; then his looks of warm interest encouraging her to speak frankly, she went on. "But you don't know the relief! You don't know what life has been all these years for papa and mamma, Cilla and Harry. They will thank you better than

I can." She held out her hand, looking up to him with glad tearful eyes. Mr. Langley pressed the hand warmly, as if the thanksgiving look had gone to his heart.

"Nobody need thank me, Heaven knows, except the people of Farley. What would they be without Mr. Mackworth? I believe the rectory is in pretty good repair, and the garden well kept up; but Mr. Mackworth and I must go over it together."

"It is perfect," said Mary, as a vision of the pleasant roomy house and bowery garden rose before her. "Thank you, thank you! You may think I care a great deal about money, but it is not that. It is such pain to see one's own dear people wanting anything, and not to be able to give it to them."

"You will, at all events, be freed from your slavery now, I hope," said Mr. Langley. Mary looked surprised.

"I have nothing to complain of, though it will be nice to be at home of course, nicer than anything."

"A fine lad your brother is. Does he think of the church?"

"No, he wishes for the army, but lately he has been thinking of going into Mr. Bagshawe's office. He hated the idea, but he wouldn't trouble papa with making difficulties. He is so unselfish," said the sister, proudly. "But there will be no trouble about the army now, thanks to you."

Mr. Langley was touched by this simple girl's great idea of the capabilities of their new income.

"How should I feel?" he thought, "if I were obliged to live on nine hundred a year! Well; this lad's commission may be a means of paying my five hundred pounds."

"You will let me come to-morrow?" he said aloud: "I must see your father, and go over the rectory with him; and I shall see you too, shall I not?"

"Certainly," said Mary; "I don't go back to London until the 20th."

"And then only to say good-bye to it, I hope. A new dance is beginning, will you come?"

As Mary rose, she could not help saying, "I seem to have been talking of nothing but my home concerns."

"You could not have given me greater pleasure," was the answer. "Miss Mackworth, I must say it. Whatever happens

hereafter, I shall never forget what I owe to that brown-paper parcel."

At night, when all the guests were gone, Mr. Langley, pacing the deserted conservatory with a cigar, mused much as follows.

"She is too grateful to me—by far too grateful. When she looked up at me with those innocent thankful eyes, I could hardly help speaking then and there: but I must wait till she forgets that I am something of a benefactor, and only remembers me as a friend. Please God, the best friend she will ever have! O blessings on the fog, and on the snow, and on the brown-paper parcel, and on the hansom, and on everything else. And blessings on old Lowther, wherever he is now, for going off at the convenient moment! Well, to-morrow I shall see her again—those clear eyes that went straight to my heart in the cold and dark that day; and the sweet smile, and the earnest quiet mouth, worth all her sister's beauty, twenty thousand times! If her heart is not too full of father and mother, and sister and brothers, to leave one corner for me! Well, I must hope and try, and I shall see her again to-morrow."

And at the same hour, Mary, who kept her precious secret for the morrow to disclose, lying wakeful beside her sleeping sister, poured out her earnest thanksgivings for troubles over, and peace beginning.

"How kind he is!" she thought with tears. "How nicely he spoke of Harry! How he listened when I talked so much! How could I talk so much to a stranger? But somehow, I don't feel as if he were a stranger; I feel as if he must belong to us some day. Is that prophetic, I wonder! Is he to be the knight I have always dreamed of, who was to come and carry off my Cilla? May be. And yet, I don't know. There are some people in the world who seem too good for any one—even for Cilla."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S FAREWELL READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read on Wednesday, March 31, at Sheffield; Thursday, April 1, and Friday, April 2, Birmingham; Monday, April 5, Tuesday, April 6, Thursday, April 8, and Friday, April 9, Liverpool; Tuesdays, April 13, 27, May 11, and 25, St. James's Hall, London.

All communications to be addressed to MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO., 56, New Bond-street, London, W.

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